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THE ROBIN READER



THE ROBIN READER

A FIRST READER

BY

MINNIE T. VARNEY

TEACHER IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1906

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MARCH 17, 1927

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TO
THE CHILDREN AND FRIENDS WHO AIDED ME
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS SINCERELY DEDICATED

PREFATORY NOTE.

This book is the outgrowth of several years' experience in teaching little children to read. The stories grew in the schoolroom. They stand for what has been done.

The book is what its name implies, a first reader, being intended to follow the reading of a primer, or primers, according to ability of class. That the difficulties do not grow more rapidly than the child's power to cope with them I have proved by actual everyday use in a first-grade room made up of five-year-old children who, without kindergarten training, entered in September and the following spring read, with ease and interest, all the stories included in this book. These stories were also tested in two other primary rooms, one in Boston, the other in Brookline, in each of which they met with hearty approval, especially as to the interest with which they were read.

In my choice and treatment of subjects I aimed primarily to please the child, knowing that difficulties are easily overcome when interest obtains. Many of the lessons may be used in correlation with the

science, literature, and language of the grade. I would suggest that the child be made somewhat familiar with the quotations and poems before coming to them in the book, and that those poems upon which some of the stories are based be read to the class preparatory to reading the lessons. The poems taken for this purpose being so well known, I have not considered it necessary to designate them.

I assume that the child ready to read this book is not only master of his primer vocabulary, but has acquired sufficient phonetic power to call simple words which he has not seen before. Each story contains a limited number of new words to be taught preparatory to the lesson.

The growth of this book was watched with kindly interest by Mr. M. T. Pritchard, master of the Everett School, Boston, under whose guardianship my little class was intrusted to me. His criticisms, suggestions, and encouragement have been of the utmost value to me, and I here gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to him.

M. T. VARNEY.

Boston, July, 1906.

THE ROBIN READER.



Oh, it is cold!
Winter has come.
The north wind blows.
The north wind is cold.
Blow, blow, north wind.
You come from the northland.
The northland is cold.
It is the land of ice.
It is the land of snow.
Blow, blow, north wind.
You bring the snow.
We want the snow.

You bring Jack Frost.
We want Jack Frost.
Jack Frost makes the ice.
Boys and girls like ice.
We can slide on the ice.
We can skate on the ice.
Come, Jack Frost.
The north wind brings the snow.
Boys and girls like the snow.
We like to jump in it.
We like to make snow men.
We like to slide down hill.
We like to make forts.
We like to make snow balls.
Blow, blow, north wind.
Bring the snow.
We like to see the snow fall.
Look, it is snowing!
See the snow come down.
How pretty it is!
The snow has come.
Now we can have fun.



Look, Nell, it is snowing!
The snow flakes have come.
How white they are!
See the snow flakes come down.
Are you glad? I am so glad!
Now we can have some fun.
What do you want to do?
I want to slide, James.
Let us ask mamma.
You ask her, Nell.
I will get the sled.
Did mamma say Yes?
We may go for a little while.

Where do you want to go?
Let us go to John's house.
He has a new sled.
There is a hill by John's house.
We can slide there.
Jump on the sled, Nell.
I will give you a ride.
Hold fast. I am going to run.
That was a good ride, James.
Here is John now.
He has his sled, too.
Stay on the sled, Nell.
I will push and jump on.
Oh, isn't this fun!
How fast we are going!
We go like the wind.
Now we must run up the hill.
Then we will slide down again.
What fun we are having!
Now we must go home.
Mamma said a little while.
We will come again.



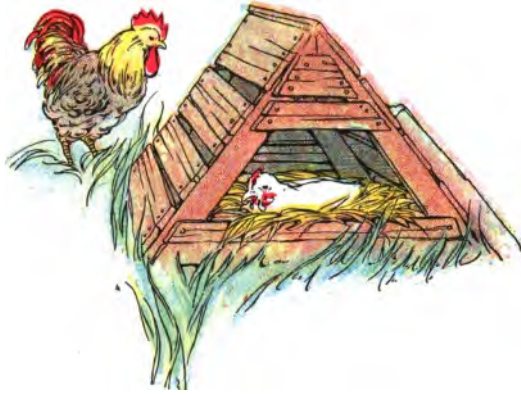
O wind, you are so strong!
O wind, you are so cold!
I can hear you pass.
I can hear you call.
You call, you! you! you!
Are you calling me?
Why do you hide?
I want to see you.
I can see the things you do.
You blow the kites up high.

You blow the smoke up high.
You blow the clouds.
You blow the ships at sea.
You blow the trees on land.
I see you do these things.
You touch me when you pass.
You touch my face.
You touch my hair.
You pull my cap.
You push me.
I feel you do these things.
O wind, I can hear you.
O wind, I can feel you.
I can see the things you do.
You blow, you call, you touch.
Why can't I see you?
What do you look like?
Are you a strong beast?
Are you a strong bird?
Are you a strong child?
O wind, you blow all day long.
O wind, you sing a loud song.



Look at that pretty red apple.
Are you asleep, little red apple?
Wake, little apple, I want you.
I want you to fall into my apron.
Who will wake the little apple for me?
O sun, will you wake the little apple?
I want it to fall into my apron.
Shine, sun, on the little red apple.
The sun shone on the little red apple.
The sun shone and shone.
But the apple did not wake.

No, the sun cannot wake the apple.
Who can wake the apple for me?
Little bird, will you wake the apple?
Sing to the apple for me.
I want it to fall into my apron.
The bird sang to the apple.
The bird sang and sang.
But the apple did not wake.
No, the bird cannot wake the apple.
Who can wake the apple for me?
The wind came.
He saw the little girl.
He saw the red apple.
What do you want, little girl?
I want the little red apple.
I want it to fall into my apron.
O wind, will you blow?
You can wake the apple for me.
The wind went into the tree.
The wind blew, and blew, and blew.
The wind woke the little apple.
It fell into the little girl's apron.



Cock-a-doodle-do! cock-a-doodle-do!
Where is Mrs. Hen to-day?
Has any one seen Mrs. Hen?
Oh, here you are, Mrs. Hen.
Cock-a-doodle-do! cock-a-doodle-do!
What are you doing, Mrs. Hen?
Come and take a walk with me.
Cluck, cluck, cluck, said the hen.
I cannot take a walk to-day.
I am sitting on my eggs.
Cluck, cluck, cluck, said Mrs. Hen.
My little chickens will come soon.
Then I may take a walk.

Now I must sit on my eggs.
I must keep my eggs warm.
How many eggs have you, Mrs. Hen?
One, two, three, four white eggs.
Five, six, seven, eight white eggs.
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve white eggs.
I have twelve white eggs.
The hen sat on her eggs.
The hen kept her eggs warm.
Crack, crack, went an egg.
Crack, crack, went another egg.
Crack, crack, went all the eggs.
Cluck, cluck, cluck, said Mrs. Hen.
How many little chickens have I?
One, two, three, four little chickens.
Five, six, seven, eight little chickens.
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve little chickens.
I have twelve little chickens.
Come, little chickens, we will take a walk.
Peep, peep, peep, said the little chickens.
Cock-a-doodle-do! cock-a-doodle-do!
Are you going for a walk, Mrs. Hen?



I can hear a squirrel.
Where are you, little squirrel?
I hear you chatter, but I cannot find you.
You chatter all the time.
Where shall I look for you?
Are you playing peek-a-boo?
I like to play peek-a-boo.
You are not in this tree.
Oh, now I have found you.
Peek-a-boo, Mr. Squirrel.
What bright eyes you have.

I have bright eyes, too.
Did you think I could not find you?
What a big tail you have.
How pretty you look in the sunshine.
I like to play in the sunshine, too.
Have you a nest in that tree?
I think you said, "No, no."
Where is your nest, Mr. Squirrel?
Mr. Squirrel will not tell me.
Have you some babies in your nest?
I think you said, "Yes, yes."
I want to see the baby squirrels.
I would not hurt your babies.
The squirrel is afraid I would.
I have some nuts for you, Mr. Squirrel.
Will you come for the nuts?
No, you are afraid to come.
I would not hurt you.
I want to see you eat the nuts.
I will put them on this rock.
You will get them when I go away.
Good-by, Mr. Squirrel.



Where is my kitty?
Have you seen her?
I cannot find her anywhere.
Is she a gray kitty?
Oh, no! she is a black kitty.
She has a white spot on her breast.
Her eyes are big and yellow.
She has long, white whiskers.
She has four little white feet.
Have you seen her?
No, I have not seen her.

I will help you to find her.
Let us go down the street and call.
Kitty! kitty! kitty! come, kitty!
Oh, where do you think she is?
Do you think she is lost?
Oh, my dear little kitty!
I do not want to lose you.
I love you so much.
Come, kitty, kitty, kitty.
Did you hear a mew?
Listen! "Mew, mew, mew."
Come this way, quick!
Yes, kitty, I am coming.
What, shut in this box?
My poor kitty!
How glad you are to get out.
I have been looking everywhere for you.
Listen to my kitty purr.
She purrs when she is glad.
Don't you think my kitty is pretty?
Look at her four little white feet.
Her name is Kitty Whitefoot.



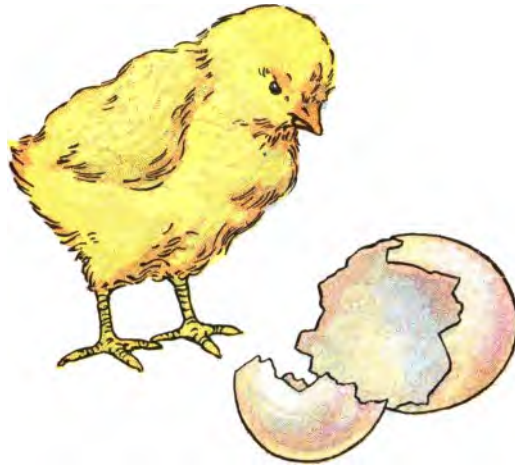
Moo! moo! says the cow.
Do you see that nest?
Little yellow-breast made that nest.
Did you give something for the nest?
I gave some hay to little yellow-breast.
Bow-wow! bow-wow! says the dog.
I gave something for the nest.
I gave some hairs to little yellow-breast.
Baa! baa! says the sheep.
Did the cow give some hay?
Did the dog give some hairs?

I gave something, too.
I gave some wool to little yellow-breast.
My wool lines the nest.
Cluck! cluck! says the hen.
So the cow gave some hay.
So the dog gave some hairs.
So the sheep gave some wool.
Cluck! cluck! says the hen.
I gave something for the nest.
I gave feathers to little yellow-breast.
My feathers line the nest.
My feathers make it soft.
Where is little yellow-breast?
Little yellow-breast is in the nest.
Moo! moo! says the cow.
I must find my little calf.
Baa! baa! says the sheep.
I must find my little lamb.
Cluck! cluck! says the hen.
I must find my little chicks.
Bow-wow! bow-wow! says the dog.
I must find my little master.



Look at my new swing.
Do you like to swing?
Papa made this swing for me.
Look at the strong rope.
That rope will hold me.
I am not afraid to go up high.
The rope will not break.
See how strong it is.
I can fly like a bird in my swing.
Up in the air I go flying.

I can see so far.
I can look down on the green fields.
I can look down on the river.
I can look down on the roofs.
Then I come down to the earth.
Up in the air I go flying again.
This time I see the cows.
The cows are eating grass.
They are in the pasture.
The sheep are in the pasture, too.
Papa is cutting grass.
He is in the field.
There are boats on the river.
The boats have white sails.
I can look into the trees.
There are nests in the trees.
Then down to the earth I come again.
Oh, I love to go up in a swing.
“How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it's the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do,” don't you?



Peep, peep, peep, where am I?
Can I get back into my little house?
I am afraid. What did I hear?
Some one said, "Cluck, cluck, cluck."
That was my mother.
Now I am not afraid.
My mother will take care of me.
I will get under her wing.
What a big world this is.
My house was very little.
I grew too big for my house.
My house had walls.

I had to break the walls.
I broke them with my beak.
I came out into this big world.
Have you looked at my beak?
It is a short beak.
I have two little wings.
I have two little feet.
I have two little eyes.
I have one little beak.
I am dressed in down.
My down is soft and yellow.
I am not big, but I shall grow.
Some day I shall be a big hen.
Then I shall lay eggs.
My mother is saying, "Cluck, cluck, cluck."
It is time for chicks to go to sleep.
I have some little brothers and sisters.
They are little chicks, too.
We are all going to sleep.
We all get under our mother's wings.
Our mother will keep us warm.
She will take good care of her little chicks.



Good morning, Bessie!
I am so glad to see you.
I want to show you my new doll.
Oh, what a pretty doll!
What is your doll's name?
Her name is Rose.
Can Rose go to sleep?
Oh, yes; I will lay her down.
Now her eyes are closed.
She has gone to sleep.
Can your doll talk?
Oh, yes. Wake up, Rose.
I want Bessie to hear you talk.

Mamma! mamma! mamma!
Did you hear dolly say mamma?
She can laugh and she can cry.
Now I will make her laugh.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!
Did you hear dolly laugh?
See what a pretty cradle Rose has.
She sleeps in her cradle every night.
I rock her cradle and sing:

“Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

“Sleep, baby, sleep,
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The gentle moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep.”

We sing that song at school.
I must go home now.
Bring Rose when you come to see me.



Come bossy! come bossy!
Where is Brownie?
Brownie is our cow.
She is a good cow.
She would not hurt me.
Brownie gives me good milk.
She gives it every morning.
She gives it every night.
The milk is warm and fresh.
The milk is sweet and white.
I drink the warm milk.

It is good for little girls.
It is good for little boys.
I have some clover for Brownie.
I want to give the clover to her.
Brownie likes clover.
Come bossy! come bossy!
Brownie may have gone to the brook.
She goes to the brook for water.
I like to go to the brook, too.
The purple violets grow by the brook.
The yellow cowslips grow there, too.
Pretty fishes live in the brook.
The brook is not deep.
There are stones in the brook.
I can go across on the stones.
I am going to the brook now.
I think Brownie is there.

“Where the purple violets grow,
Where the bubbling waters flow,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.”



“Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Milk so good to soak my bread,
Every morn, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.”

I have found Brownie.
Here she is by the brook.
Did you come for water, Brownie?
You are eating grass now.

Do not eat those pretty flowers.
I want the flowers for mamma.
Mamma is making butter.
She takes your cream to make butter.
Your cream makes yellow butter.
It is yellow like gold.
I eat the yellow butter on my bread.
I have some sweet clover, Brownie.
The clover is for you.
Do you like the brook, Brownie?
See how fast it is running.
Where is it running to, Brownie?
Where does it come from?
Brownie does not know about the brook.
Now I have my violets and cowslips.
I will take my flowers to mamma.
I want to ask her something.
I want to know about the brook.
I want to know where it comes from.
I want to know where it goes.
Mamma will know. I will ask her.
Good-by, Brownie. Don't eat the flowers.



“Little baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby dear, good night.”

I am rocking the cradle.
Do you know who is in it?
My little brother is in this cradle.

He is our little baby.
Baby is not very old.
He cannot talk.
He cannot walk.
He says, "Goo ! goo !"
Then he laughs and crows.
He has such pretty soft hair.
His hair is yellow like the sunshine.
He has such pretty blue eyes.
His eyes are blue like the sky.
He has such pretty pink cheeks.
His cheeks are pink like a rose.
He has such a sweet smile.
His smile is sweet, like mamma's love.
He has ten little pink toes.
They are snug under the clothes.
His toes must not get cold.
He is going to sleep now.
I will rock the cradle gently.
I will sing to him softly.
He is asleep.
Good night, baby dear.



The sandman is coming.
He comes from the land of Nod.
He comes every night.
He comes for the children.
Do you know the sandman?
Do you go to the land of Nod?
Put your head on your pillow.
That is the way to the land of Nod.
The sandman comes softly.

He comes on the tips of his toes.
Do you know what he does?
He puts sand in your eyes.
Then you grow so sleepy.
You cannot keep your eyes open.
The sandman found you.
He sings to you softly.
He sings about the lady moon.
The lady moon is in the dark sky.
She will watch while you sleep.
He sings about the little stars.
The stars are in the dark sky.
They will watch while you sleep.
The sandman finds all the children.
He puts sand in their eyes.
Their eyes grow so sleepy.
They put their heads on their pillows.
The little blue eyes close.
The little brown eyes close.
All the children go to sleep.
They go with the sandman.
They go to the land of Nod.



Oh, it is warm!
Winter has gone.
The north wind has gone.
The south wind is coming.
Summer is coming.
The south wind is warm.
The south wind is gentle.
Blow, warm south wind.
You come from the southland.
You come from the land of flowers.
You bring the summer.
The birds come with you.

The south wind is blowing.
How warm it is.
Now the grass will grow.
Now the leaves will come.
Now the flowers will open.
The butterflies will awake.
The bees will awake.
Awake little spiders.
Awake little flies.
Summer is coming.
Come, little squirrels.
You can play in the sunshine.
Where are the frogs?
They are asleep down in the mud.
Come, little frogs.
Jack Frost has gone.
You can swim in the pond now.
Summer is coming.
I can play in the sunshine.
I can listen to the birds sing.
Blow, blow, gentle south wind.
I love the glad summer.



Good morning, children!
Are you glad to see me?
Do you know my name?
My name is Pussy Willow.
I have been sleeping.
I slept all winter.
I slept on a willow bush.
I slept in a little cradle.
The wind rocked me.
The brook sang to me.
Now I am awake.

The sunshine called me.
Look at my fur dress.
I cannot be cold in a fur dress.
My fur dress keeps me warm.
Isn't it a pretty dress?
It is soft gray.
Look at my little brown cradle.
My cradle will fall soon.
I do not want it now.
I shall not fall. I must grow.
The bees like me.
I have pollen for the bees.
The bees use my pollen.
They feed it to their babies.
Robin Redbreast likes me.
He sits near me and sings a sweet song.
He sings, Cheer up! cheer up! cheer! cheer!
Robin is happy.
I am happy. Spring is here.
Are you happy, little girl?
Are you happy, little boy?
Robin says, "Be happy!"



Cheer up! cheer up! cheer! cheer!
That is Robin Redbreast calling.
Robin tells us that spring is here.
Cheer up! cheer up! cheer! cheer!
Did you go south, robin?
Robin eats nice fat worms.
In winter we have no worms for robin.
So robin has to go south.
He flies, and flies, and flies.
Then he comes to the southland.
There he finds summer.
The worms and insects are there.
Robin comes back with the south wind.
Cheer up! cheer up! cheer! cheer!
He is going to build a nest.

He is looking at the apple tree.
I think he will build there.
Here is his little wife.
He will build the nest for her.
She will lay five blue eggs in the nest.
Then she will sit on the eggs to keep them
warm.
Robin Redbreast will feed her.
He will sit by the nest and sing to her.
The baby birds will grow in the eggs.
Some day they will come out of the eggs.
They will have large beaks.
They will be very hungry.
They will open their beaks and cry for food.
Papa robin will be very busy.
So will mamma robin be very busy.
They must find worms for their babies.
The babies will grow fast.
Soon they will leave the nest.
Then they must learn to fly.
Cheer up! cheer up! cheer! cheer!
That is what Robin Redbreast sings.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Coming with the spring;
Oh, 'tis good to see you,
Good to hear you sing,
Good to hear you calling,
Happy all the day,
"Cheer up! cheer up! cheer! cheer!"
That is what you say.

What is robin doing
In the apple tree?
He is very busy,
That is plain to see.
Watch him swiftly going;
Mud and straw he brings,
Down and wool for lining,
Then he stops and sings.

Now what are you saying?
Tell it, please, to me;
Five blue eggs in your nest,
In the apple tree?
Happy Robin Redbreast,
Happy little wife,
Guarding her five eggs of blue
As she'd guard her life.

What is robin calling?
"Children five have we;
Hungry little children,
Hungry as can be.
No time now for playing,
Hardly time to say,
Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!
Ere I fly away."



K.R.W.



Hello! hello! hello!
Who said hello, Grace?
Hello! hello! hello!
I cannot see any one, John.
Who is saying hello to us?
Oh, look, Grace! It is that parrot.
Hello, Polly, pretty Polly.
The parrot is in that cage, Grace.
Polly wants a cracker.
You shall have a cracker, Polly.
I will get you a cracker.
Can you make Polly talk?
Polly, do you like to live in that cage?
Why don't you talk to us?

I know you would like to come out.
He would fly away if he could.
There are no parrots in our woods, Polly.
I am afraid you would get lost.
Your home is in the southland.
That is where parrots live.
Polly has beautiful feathers.
I would like one of Polly's feathers.
Do they ever fall out, John?
Yes, Grace, sometimes they fall out.
They fall out when Polly is moulting.
When are you going to moult, Polly?
I will get one of your feathers then.
I want one of the long tail feathers.
I wish you would talk to me, Polly.
Sometimes you say ever so many things.
Are you afraid of me?
You do not know me very well.
That is why you will not talk to me.
Come, John, we must go.
Good-by! good-by! good-by!
Did you hear Polly say good-by?



There is a brown thrush up in the tree.
The brown thrush is merry.
He is singing to you.
He is singing to me.
Listen to his merry song.
What is he singing, little girl?
What is he singing, little boy?
He sings, "I am as happy as I can be.
The world is so full of joy."
Why are you so happy, little bird?

Don't you know, little boy?
Don't you see, little girl?
Have you looked up in my tree?
I have a nest up here.
I have five little eggs in my nest.
Soon I shall have five baby birds.
That is why I am so happy.
Don't meddle with my nest, little girl.
Don't touch my eggs, little boy.
If you do I shall not be happy.
I could not sing my merry song.
The world would lose some of its joy.
Now I am as happy as I can be.
You may play under my tree.
You may listen to me sing.
Some day you may see my baby birds.
Sing, merry brown thrush.
We want to hear your merry song.
We will not touch your eggs.
We will not meddle with your nest.
So, be happy, brown thrush.
Sing your merry song.



Good morning, bright sun.
This morning you are in the east.
Last night I saw you in the west.
The stars came when you went away.
The lady moon came, too.
Where are the stars and the moon now?
Did you send them away?
Where did you go last night, bright sun?
It is always dark when you go.
Listen, little child.
I will tell you where I went.
You saw me go down in the west.
I go down in the west every night.
Then you go to bed.
You sleep while I am gone.

I go to the other side of the world.
There are boys and girls there.
They are asleep while you are in school.
I go to waken them.
I go to give light to them.
They get up and go to school.
They are happy in my sunshine.
While they are playing you are asleep.
It is dark on your side of the world.
Then I come away from them.
They watch me go as you do.
They go to bed and sleep.
I leave them in the dark.
I come back to waken you.
I come back to give light to you.
You see me again in the east.
I keep going around this big world.
I must send my sunbeams everywhere.
When I go away it is night.
When I come it is day.
I always come in the east.
I always go in the west.



“The year’s at the spring,
And day’s at the morn:
Morning’s at seven;
The hillside’s dew-pearled:
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn;
God’s in His heaven—
All’s right with the world!”

Good morning! Good morning to all!
Good morning to everything!
I am up to see the good morning.
The morning is at seven.

The day comes with morning.
Look at my pretty flowers.
They are wet with the dew.
I planted the seeds.
How fast they grow.
The green grass is wet, too.
It has not been raining.
The grass is wet with the dew.
The dew-pearls are on my flowers.
The dew-pearls are on the grass.
Here is a snail on my rose-bush.
Good morning, little snail!
Is your home in my garden?
Do you like to live here?
I will let you stay.
Oh, hear the lark sing!
How high he can fly.
Can he fly up to heaven?
God is in heaven.
God takes care of the world.
He takes care of you, little snail.
He takes care of me.

SING A SONG OF SEASONS.

“Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all,
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.”

Spring, summer, autumn, winter.

These are the seasons.

They make a year.

Spring is a season.

Summer is a season.

Autumn is a season.

Winter is a season.

Morning, noon, evening, and night.

These make a day.

Spring is like the morning.

It is waking up time.

Summer is like the noon.

It is wide awake time.
Autumn is like the evening.
It is getting sleepy time.
Winter is like the night.
Then everything sleeps.

Spring is the morning of the year.
We wake in the morning.
The earth wakes in the spring.
Everything begins to grow.
The seeds awake.
They have been asleep.
The baby leaves awake.
They come out of their cradles.
Their cradles were on the trees.
Did you see the leaf cradles?
We call them buds.
The wind rocked the leaf cradles.
The baby leaves slept well.
The grass awakes.

It comes up out of the earth.
Spring has called it.
She calls the birds, too.
They are in the southland.
They hear spring calling.
They come back to us.
Pussy Willow comes, too.
She slept on the willow bush.
She slept in a little cradle.
The wind rocked her.
Now the brook sings to her.
She grows by the brookside.
She likes to hear the brook sing.
The flies know that spring is here.
So do the bees and the spiders.
Soon all the earth will be wide awake.
Then summer comes.

Summer is the noon time of the year.
The earth is wide awake.

Everything is growing.

The grass is growing.

The cows and horses must have grass.

The sheep must have grass, too.

So the grass must grow for them.

It cannot sleep now.

The plants in the garden must grow.

We want them for our food.

We eat the roots of some plants.

We eat the leaves of some plants.

We eat the stems of some plants.

We eat the seeds of some plants.

So the roots, the leaves, the stems, and
the seeds must grow.

The apples are growing.

They must grow large, and round, and
red.

How busy the earth is in summer.

It has so much work to do.

The sun helps the earth.

He sends the sunshine to make things
grow.

The growing things must have sunshine.
The clouds help, too.
They send the rain.
The growing things must have water.
They must grow fast.
Sleepy time is coming.
Sleepy time is autumn.

The goldenrod is here.
The blue aster is here.
They come with autumn.
Autumn is the evening of the year.
The earth must go to sleep.
The birds must go away.
They must go to the southland.
They go with the summer.
The leaves are falling.
The baby leaves are asleep now.
They are in their cradles on the trees.

You can find the cradles if you look.
The big leaves have done their work.
Now they must fall to the ground.
They help to keep the seeds warm.
The seeds are falling.
The plant babies are in the seeds.
The seeds are in their cradles.
They will sleep in the earth.
The grass has been cut.
It is hay now. It is in the barn.
The apples are large, and round, and
red.
They must be gathered.
We do not want Jack Frost to bite them.
The farmer is working hard.
He is digging the potatoes.
He is cutting the corn.
The pumpkins are ripe.
The earth has been very kind.
It has given us so much.
It worked hard for us.
Now the earth is tired.

It is going to sleep.

Winter is coming.

We shall say good night to the earth.

Jack Frost is here.

It is winter now.

Winter is the night time of the year.

The earth has gone to sleep.

There are no flowers.

The trees have no leaves.

The earth is hard.

The birds have gone away.

The snow clouds are coming.

They bring a blanket to cover the earth.

It will keep the earth warm.

The blanket will be thick.

The blanket will be white.

Do you know what it is?

It is the beautiful white snow.

The earth rests under the snow.

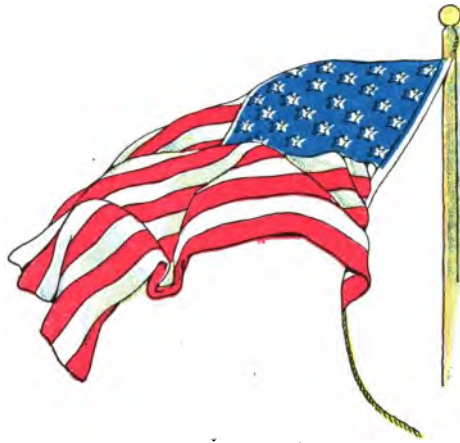
Jack Frost and the north wind may play.
There are no flowers to hurt.
There are no apples to fall.
There are no plants to kill.
They may play while the winter stays.
Boys and girls like the winter, too.
They like to play in the snow.
They like the ice Jack Frost makes.
They are not afraid of the north wind.
Soon winter will go away.
The spring will come again.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter.
In spring we have pussy willows.
In summer we have roses.
In autumn we have apples and nuts.
In winter we have snow.
Spring, summer, autumn, winter.
Which do you like the best?
"Each thing in its place is best."



O Ned! come to the window.
What is it, Mary?
Look at the pictures Jack Frost made.
How pretty they are.
He made them last night.
I knew Jack Frost was here.
It was a very cold night.
Look, Ned, at all those trees!
Those are Christmas trees, too.
Yes. They are on those high mountains.

What are mountains, Ned?
Why, those high hills, Mary.
Mountains are very high hills.
We saw some mountains last summer.
Here is a little bridge.
Is there a river under it?
I don't see any river.
I guess Jack Frost forgot the river.
Look at the giant up in the corner.
Oh, how funny! He hasn't any feet.
Did Jack Frost forget to make his feet?
He may not have had time.
He had so many pictures to make.
O Ned! did you see this little girl?
Look! down in this corner.
What a cunning little girl!
She must be Jack Frost's little sister.
I am going to kiss her.
O Ned! where did she go?
I cannot find her anywhere.
She has gone. I am so sorry.
I did not think a kiss would send her away.



We are American children.
I am an American boy.
I am an American girl.
This is the American flag.
It is our flag.
We live in America.
We go to school in America.
America is our country.
We love our country.
We love our flag.
Isn't it a beautiful flag?
See its pretty colors.
They are red, white, and blue.

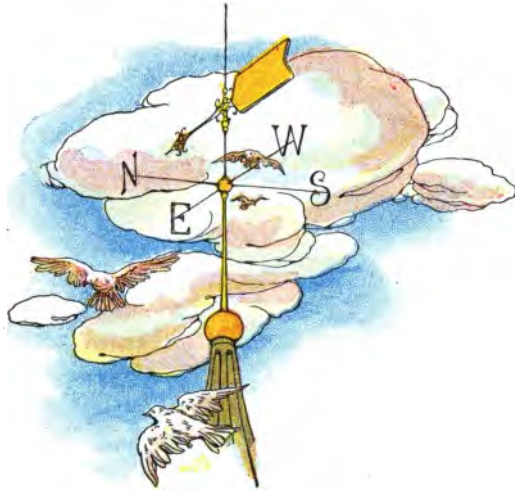
There are many stars in our flag.
There are stripes, too.
Our flag is called the stars and stripes.
The stars are white..
The stripes are red and white.
Do you know what to call the blue?
The blue is called a field.
The white stars are on the blue field.
The blue in our flag tells us to be true.
The red tells us to be brave.
The white tells us to be pure.
Good children are true.
Good children are brave.
Good children are pure.
Hurrah for our flag!
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!
Hurrah for the stars and stripes!

“I pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.”



A little fish lived in a brook.
One day he was swimming about.
He saw something on the water.
It had two bright wings.
He thought it was a fly.
Little fishes eat flies.
His mother said,
 “Do not go near that fly.”
“Why not?” said the little fish.
“I am hungry.”
His mother said,
 “ That fly hides a sharp hook.

The sharp hook will catch you.”
The little fish looked at the fly.
He said, “I am very hungry.
I do not see any hook.
I think that is a good fly.”
His mother said,
“Do not touch that fly.
If you do it will catch you.”
The little fish swam about.
The fly kept floating on the water.
The little fish kept looking at it.
The fly had such pretty bright wings.
The little fish could see no hook.
He swam to the pretty fly.
He took one little bite.
The sharp hook caught him.
The hook held him fast.
He could not get away.
He called to his mother.
She could not help him.
He should have minded her.
Poor little fish !



Look at the weather vane.
Where shall I look?
Look on the church steeple.
Oh, yes! Now I see the weather vane.
Why does it turn round?
Don't you know what makes it turn?
What is it that bends the trees?
See how the branches wave.
The wind waves the branches.
The wind turns the weather vane.
What is the weather vane for?
It shows the way the wind blows.

The vane points to the East now.
The wind comes from the East.
The East wind brings the rain clouds.
Sometimes the vane points to the West.
Then the West wind is blowing.
The West wind dries the rain.
Sometimes the vane points to the North.
Then the wind comes from the North.
The North wind brings the snow clouds.
Sometimes the vane points to the South.
Then the South wind is blowing.
The South wind brings the summer.
North, South, East, and West.
North makes me think of winter.
South makes me think of summer.
East makes me think of morning.
West makes me think of evening.

“Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it East, or blow it West,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.”



Baa! baa! woolly sheep.
I see you. Have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes, sir; three bags full.
Where are the lambs, woolly sheep?
The lambs are asleep, little boy.
May I have one of the lambs?
No, sir; no, sir; you cannot have a lamb.
The little lamb would be lonesome.
Mary had a little lamb.
Was the little lamb lonesome?
No, woolly sheep, it was a baby lamb.
It had no mother to feed it.
Mary's father gave it to her.

She fed the lamb every day.
It drank milk from a bowl.
Mary loved the little lamb.
The little lamb loved Mary.
One day it followed her to school.
It went to Mary's seat.
It lay under her desk.
The teacher called Mary's class.
Out came the little lamb, too.
The teacher turned the lamb out.
The lamb waited for Mary.
The lamb grew to be a big sheep.
Mary's father cut off its wool.
Were there three bags full, little boy?
I do not know, woolly sheep.
Her grandma made yarn from the wool.
She knit some stockings for Mary.
They were woolly like the little lamb.
Will your grandma knit some stockings
for you, little boy?
She may have my wool.
I have three bags full.



Bow-wow-wow! bow-wow-wow!
I am looking for my little master.
My little master's name is Robert.
My name is Skip.
Robert and I are good friends.
Robert is six years old.
I am seven years old.
I am older than Robert.
Robert goes to school every day.
When he is ready I hear him say,
 "Am I going to be late, mamma?"
Then he kisses her and runs to school.
He calls to me, "Be a good dog, Skip.
After school I will play with you."

Robert is learning to read.
He is learning to write, too.
He has some little friends at school.
Lillian is one of his little friends.
I like to have Lillian come here.
She always gives me a good hug.
She tells me I am a nice dog.
Lillian is five years old.
She is younger than Robert.
Lillian, Robert, and I play together
until supper time.
Then Lillian goes to her home.
She lives in the next house.
Robert washes his face and hands.
He combs his hair, too.
Then he is ready for supper.
Robert eats from a plate on the table.
I eat from a plate on the floor.
After supper Robert and I go to bed.
He sleeps in a nice white bed.
I sleep on a nice soft rug.
My rug is near Robert's bed.



Do you like to go to the beach?
The beach is by the great sea.
You may find pretty shells on the beach.
Look at this beautiful shell.
This is a large shell.
This shell came from a far away beach.
It came from the southland.
That is where the birds go in winter.
There it is summer all the time.
A little boy went to the southland.
He went on a big ship.
The big ship sailed on the great sea.
He was on the sea many days.

At last they came to the southland.
The birds were singing sweet songs.
The bright flowers were growing.
It was very warm in the southland.
The little boy played on the beach.
He found a shell like this.
He brought it when he came home.
He showed it to his little friends.
He said, "Hold it up to your ear.
Listen, and you will hear the sea."
Have you ever held a shell to your ear?
Do so, and listen to the sea.
This shell was a house.
Something lived in it once.
Every shell is a house for something.
Would you like to live in a shell?
An oyster lives in a shell.
A snail lives in a shell.
Their shells are not pretty like this.
I wonder what lived in this shell.
It was a pretty home.
There is nothing in it now.

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peeped into the shell.
“What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?”

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

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TWO LITTLE LADIES.

There were two little ladies.

Their names were Minnie and Winnie.

They slept in a shell.

The shell was down on the beach
by the great sea.

The sea makes many sounds.

Sometimes it whispers softly.

Sometimes it makes a great noise.

Then we say it is angry.

The sounds of the sea wandered about.

The echo took up the sounds.

The echo took them away.

It took them as far as the moon.

Two bright stars peeped into the shell.

They looked at the little ladies.

They said, "What are they dreaming of?"

No one knew what they were dreaming.

Do you dream sometimes?

Can any one tell what you dream?

The little ladies slept well.
The moon was up in the sky.
It looked down at the little ladies
 sleeping in the shell.
At last the little stars and the moon
 went away.
The great sun came out of the East.
It was morning. The birds awoke.
A green linnet came from a field.
The green linnet is a pretty bird.
He sings a sweet song.
The green linnet peeped into the shell.
He sang to Minnie and Winnie.
He sang, "Awake, little ladies,
 the sun is aloft.
The stars and the moon have gone."
Minnie and Winnie awoke.
They told their dreams to the linnet.
He went away to sing of their dreams.
Listen to the linnet sing.
Then you may know
 what the little ladies dreamed.

THE SUNBEAMS.

Here are some sunbeams.

They are shining in my eyes.

Where did you come from, sunbeams?

We came from the big, round sun.

The sun is very far away.

We passed the moon as we came.

We gave the moon some of our light.

She will show it to you to-night.

We have come to bring light to you.

The world would be dark without
the sunbeams.

The world would be cold without
the sunbeams.

The sunbeams bring all the light.

The sunbeams bring all the heat.

Do you work, sunbeams?

We work all the time.

Our work is to shine.

We shine on all growing things.

You could not grow without us.

The plants could not grow without us.
We shine on the great sea.
We give wings to the water-drops.
Then the water-drops fly up into the sky.
The air is cold up in the sky.
The cold air catches the water-drops.
It changes them into clouds.
Some day the water-drops
 come down again.
They may come as little raindrops.
They may come as hailstones.
They may come as snowflakes.
What do the sunbeams do for girls
 and boys?
Sunbeams make them strong and well.
Come in at our windows, bright sunbeams.
Shine into all the dark corners.
You are good fairies.
You drive away bad things.
You bring good things.
We love you, bright sunbeams.
We will play where you shine.

THE BROOK.

Do you wish to know about the brook?
Little drops of water make the brook.
The water-drops fall from the clouds.
We say, It is raining.
The water-drops fall everywhere.
They like to stay together.
They find each other as fast as they can.
The water-drops take hold of hands.
Like children they run together.
They find all the little hills.
Water-drops like to run down the hills.
Water-drops never run up the hills.
They run down every hill they can find.
Soon there are many water-drops together.
There are so many they make a brook.
The brook does not stop running.
The brook finds more hills.
More water-drops come all the time.
Soon they make a big river.
The little drops keep running.

Sometimes the water-drops spread out.
Then they make a pond or lake.
You can skate on the pond in winter.
In summer you can sail your boats.
The water-drops run out of the lake.
They run until there are no more hills.
They run until they come to
the great sea.

The sea is their mother.
They were running back to their mother.
The great sea takes them in her arms.
She has been waiting for them.
The sun took them away.
He sent the bright sunbeams to get them.
He is taking water-drops all the time.
The sun takes them for the clouds.
The water-drops fall from the clouds.
They always get back to the sea.
As they go they make our springs.
They make our brooks and rivers.
They make our ponds and lakes.
The great sea is made of water-drops



Good morning, busy bee.
You are a dusty fellow.
You have powdered your legs with gold.
Why do you visit all the flowers?
Is it to get pollen and honey?
The bee lives in a hive.
The hive is filled with tiny cells.
These cells are like tiny boxes.
Each little cell has six sides:
The cells are made of wax.
Many, many bees live together.
They are one big family.
In each hive there is a queen bee.
The other bees are the workers.
The workers make the wax cells.
They fill the cells with honey.

They feed the baby bees.
They take care of the queen.
They are busy little workers.
The queen bee lays all the eggs.
The baby bees come from the eggs.
A baby bee is a tiny worm.
It lives in a little cell.
The workers feed it with bee bread.
The bee bread is made from pollen.
Pollen is the yellow dust we find on flowers.
Some day the baby bee goes to sleep.
It sleeps a long time.
When it awakes it is a worker bee.
It has six legs and four wings.
It must help to take care of the queen.
It must help to take care of the babies.
It must help to gather honey.
Winter will come soon.
All the cells must be filled with honey.
Then the bees will not be hungry.
We may have some of the honey.
The bees do not need it all.



Vacation has come.
I am packing my trunk.
I am going to see my grandma and grandpa.
They live in the country.
Do you like to go to the country?
I am going on the train.
The engine will go very fast.
The bell will ring. The whistle will blow.
They will say, "Look out for the engine."
The conductor will call, "All aboard!"
Then the train will start.

I shall be looking out the window.
We shall go by trees and green fields.
There will be cows, horses, and sheep
in the fields.
We shall come to a big river.
There is a bridge over the river.
We will cross the river on the bridge.
Sometimes the train will stop.
People will get off. People will get on.
I shall ride a long time.
I am going to Greenfield.
The conductor will come to me.
He will say, "This is Greenfield, little girl."
Grandpa will meet me.
He will have his horse and wagon.
Grandpa will get my trunk.
We will drive to the farmhouse.
Grandma will be glad to see me.
We will eat supper.
Then I shall be tired and want to go to bed.
Some day I will tell you what I do
at grandpa's.



The north wind has come.
“We are cold,” said some little violet plants.
“What shall we do?”
The big tree looked down.
The tree saw the little violet plants.
He said, “Poor little things!
They are cold. I must send my leaves to
cover them.
My leaves will keep them warm.”
So the tree sent down his leaves.
First a red leaf fell.
Then a yellow one went.
Soon many leaves had fallen.

Red, yellow, and brown.
They covered the violet plants.
The north wind could not touch them.
They were snug under the leaves.
The leaves kept them warm until the
 south wind came again.
The west wind blew the leaves away.
The plants looked up at the kind tree.
The tree had no leaves.
They asked, "Did you give all your leaves
 to us?"
"Yes," said the tree, "but I shall have
 more leaves soon.
My leaves are in their cradles now.
The sunshine has called them.
They will grow very fast.
When summer comes my new leaves will
 shade you.
When autumn comes again I will
 send them to cover you."
"Thank you, tree," said the plants,
 "you are very kind."

TWO LITTLE SEEDS.

"Little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?"
A little brown seed was talking.
The brown brother was another seed.
The two seeds were lying side by side
in the dark earth.
They had been waiting for spring.
One little seed heard the lark singing.
Then he knew spring had come.
So he called to the other little seed,
"Are you awake, little brother?"
"Oh, yes," said the other little seed,
"I am awake. What is it?"
"Don't you hear the lark singing?
He is telling us it is May.
Listen! He sings of blue skies
and warm sunshine.
Come, little brother, let us get up.
Now we can put on our green dresses."
"Little brown brother,
What kind of a flower will you be?"
"My mother was a beautiful red poppy.

I shall be a poppy like her.

Shall you be a poppy, too?"

"Oh, no. I cannot be a poppy.

My mother was a tall, yellow sunflower.

I shall be a sunflower like her."

"Oh," said the poppy seed,

"I am so sorry.

You will grow so tall and high.

Do be a poppy like me."

"No, no," said the sunflower seed.

"That would never do.

You are a poppy seed.

God wants you to be a poppy.

I am a sunflower seed.

God wants me to be a sunflower.

So I must grow golden and high."

The poppy seed said,

"How I shall miss you

When you are grown golden and high!

But I shall send all the bees

up to kiss you.

Little brown brother, good-by."



There are six little fairies.
Do you want to know their names?
They are Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue,
and Violet.
These six little fairies are very busy.
Let us ask Fairy Red what she does.
Fairy Red says, "My color is red.
I paint the cheeks of apples and pears.
I paint the cheeks of boys and girls.
Where have you seen my color?"
Come, Fairy Orange. We know your color.
You paint the pumpkins in the fields.
You fly away to the southland.

You paint the oranges that grow there.

What does Fairy Yellow do?

She paints dandelions and buttercups.

What else does Fairy Yellow paint?

Come, Fairy Green.

Your color is all around us.

We see it in the grass at our feet.

It is in the leaves over our heads.

Your green grass and leaves
make our world beautiful.

Now, Fairy Blue, where do you work?

"Look up, little children, at the sky.

I paint the great blue sky.

Sometimes I paint a baby's eyes."

Come, Fairy Violet. Where are you hiding?

You have given your name to some pretty
flowers.

Your flowers grow by the brook.

They are the pretty violets.

Fairy Violet paints the clouds
when the sun goes down.

Does she paint the morning clouds, too?

Violet, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, and Red.
Fairy colors, where do you go
when the rain comes?
We fly away to the sky.
We play among the raindrops.
We find the sunbeams.
We dance with the sunbeams.
We dance among the raindrops.
Then you may see us in the sky.
All the fairy colors are together.
Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, and Violet.
There we make a beautiful bow.
You call it the rainbow.
The rainbow is a promise.
It promises that the rain will go away.
It promises that the sun will shine again.



"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again,
love again."

Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly,
"New, new, new, new! Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young
again,"

Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.



A little plant lay fast asleep.
It was sleeping in its seed cradle.
Its cradle was in the soft earth.
A bright sunbeam came.
The sunbeam called to the little plant.
It called, "Awake, little plant!"
A gentle raindrop came.
The raindrop called to the little plant.
It called, "Awake, little plant!"
The little plant awoke.
It felt the bright sunbeam.
It felt the gentle raindrop.

The plant put out its little root.
The root went down into the soft earth.
The plant put out its little stem.
The stem went up into the warm sunshine.
The plant said, "I have come, sunshine,
now what shall I do?"
The sunshine said, "You must open
your little buds.
There are leaves and flowers in your buds."
"How can I open my buds?" said the
little plant.
The sunshine said, "You must grow.
I will help you and so will the rain."
So the little plant grew and grew.
The root went down deeper and deeper.
The stem went up higher and higher.
Soon the plant had many green leaves.
One day a beautiful lily came
from one of its buds.
How happy the plant was then.
The butterflies came to visit the
beautiful lily.

So did the bees and one little humming bird.
The plant had something to give them.
It gave them its honey and pollen.
Soon the beautiful lily faded.
The plant felt very sorry.
Its beautiful blossom had gone.
A little girl came.
She looked at the stem
 where the blossom had been.
She said, "Oh, these are what I want!
Here are some lily seeds.
I will plant the lily seeds in my garden.
Then I shall have some beautiful lilies."
The plant felt happy again.
It had given something to the little girl.



Good morning, children ! Do you remember me ?

I came on the train to see
my grandma and grandpa.

Now I will tell you what I do here.

Do you remember Brownie ?

This morning I went to the barn
to see Brownie.

There was a surprise for me.

Can you guess what it was ?

There was something in the stall
with Brownie.

It has four legs, two big eyes, and
two big ears.

Its legs are not very strong.

It is Brownie's baby.

It is a little calf.

Brownie loves her little calf.

After that I went with grandma.

She was taking care of her flowers.

Grandma has some pretty sweet peas.

Their colors are pretty.

They are red, white, and violet.

Some of them are pink and white.

They make me think of butterflies.

Grandma has a pansy bed, too.

In each pansy I can see a face.

Do you suppose they are fairy faces?

Guess what grows by the stone wall.

They are taller than I am.

They are taller than grandma.

They have big yellow blossoms.

The blossoms look like the sun.

The blossoms always turn to the sun.

They get their name from the sun.
Have you guessed what they are?
Yes, they are sunflowers.
Grandma asked me to feed the hens.
I ran to the shed for the corn.
Then I called, "Chick; chick, chick!"
The hens and chickens came running.
They ran as fast as they could.
There are some ducks, too.
I had a nice egg for my breakfast.
Then I played with Boo.
Boo is the little gray kitten.
After dinner I went to the hayfield.
I played among the haystacks.
I came back on a load of hay.
Did you ever ride on a load of hay?
It is fun to ride up so high.
I had a good time all day.
I love to be here on the farm.
There are so many things to do.



Good morning, boys and girls.
Will you look at my picture?
Do you know what I am?
Yes, I am a caterpillar.
I am a milkweed caterpillar.
My home is on the milkweed plant.
I eat the leaves of the milkweed plant.
Its leaves are sweet and juicy.
I hide under the leaves.
I hide from the hot sun.
I hide from the rain.
Sometimes I roll myself up.
I drop down into the grass.
That is when I am afraid.
It is not easy to find me
when I am hiding in the grass.

My mother was a beautiful butterfly.
One day she laid a tiny egg.
She laid it on the under side
of a milkweed leaf.
I came out of that tiny egg.
I was very tiny myself.
You could hardly see me.
I began to eat the milkweed leaf.
In two days I had to change my dress.
My skin is my dress.
I had grown too large for my dress.
I am twelve days old now.
I have changed my dress four times.
I am about two inches long.
My colors are green, black and yellow.
I have two long black horns.
See if you can find me
on a milkweed plant.
I am not hungry now.
I am getting very sleepy.
I must find a hiding place.
Then I will go to sleep.



I am asleep now, children.
I crawled away from the milkweed.
I crawled to this old fence.
Here I found a good hiding place.
I took hold of the fence.
I took hold with some silk threads.
I made the silk threads myself.
Then I had to slip out of my old dress.
My skin was my dress, you know.
I let it fall to the ground.
Then I hung as you see me in the picture.
I am not a caterpillar now.
I am a chrysalis.
The chrysalis is like a little house.
It has beautiful green walls.
There are tiny golden spots on it.

It swings in the breeze while I sleep.
My sleep is a long one.
I dream of many things.
I dream of a tiny white egg.
I dream of a tiny caterpillar.
The tiny caterpillar grows.
I dream of eating milkweed leaves.
I dream of going to sleep.
Then I dream a wonderful thing.
I dream that I have awaked.
I have come out of the chrysalis.
I do not know myself.
I dream that I am like my mother.
I dream that I have beautiful wings.
My wings are orange-brown.
They are veined with black.
They have black borders.
There are white spots in the borders.
But I am asleep, children.
That is my dream.
Oh, what a happy dream!
How I wish that it were true.



Oh, children, I am so happy!
Do you remember my dream?
My dream has come true.
One day I awoke.
I had slept long enough.
I found an open door in my chrysalis.
I put out my head.
I put out my feet.
I crawled out of the chrysalis skin.
I rested in the sunshine.
All the world was beautiful.
Soon I began to feel hungry.
I looked around for food.
Then I had a great surprise.

I saw something over my back.
They were orange-brown.
There were black veins in them.
They had black borders.
In the borders were white spots.
I remembered my dream.
Yes, it had come true.
I had become a butterfly.
It was such a happy surprise.
Soon I flew over the fields.
I could smell clover blossoms.
I flew until I came to them.
I rested on a clover blossom.
I unrolled my new tongue.
My tongue is very long.
It reaches down into the flowers.
There I find the sweet honey.
I roll up my tongue when I am not using it.
Look for me in the fields, children.
You may see me flying in the sunshine.
I fly from flower to flower.
I look like my picture.

Sing a song of sixpence,
Pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
They all began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

Do you like pie?
This is a very big pie.
A pie has two crusts.
There is a crust for the top.
There is a crust for the bottom.
In this pie the sky is the top.
In this pie the earth is the bottom.
Isn't that a big pie?
This is a day pie.
Do you know what makes a day pie?
A day pie is made of hours.
Four and twenty hours make a day.
The hours are the blackbirds.
There are twenty-four hours in a day.
There are twenty-four birds in the pie.
Each bird is one of the hours.

The king is in his counting house,
Counting out his money.

Who is the king?

The great sun is the king.

The golden sunbeams are his money.

The queen is in the parlor,

Eating bread and honey.

Who is the queen?

The moon is the queen.

The honey is her light.

She eats her light.

Then we cannot see the moon.

The maid is in the garden,

Hanging out the clothes.

Who is the maid?

Dawn is the maid?

The garden is the sky.

The clothes are the white clouds.

Dawn hangs the white clouds in the sky.

Up comes a blackbird

and snaps off her nose.

HOW THE LEAVES WENT TO BED.

The great tree looked at his children.
He said, "It is time you went to bed.
You are getting sleepy, yellow leaf.
Little brown leaf, you are sleepy, too.
Come, come, little red leaf!

You must all go to bed."

"Oh, oh!" said the little leaves.

"We don't want to go to bed.

Dear tree, let us play a little longer.

This is such a pleasant day.

Please do not send us to bed."

The tree let the leaves play
one more day.

They danced and swung in the breeze.

They whispered to each other.

They whispered, "The tree may forget.

Let us ask to stay all winter.

The fir tree leaves stay all winter.

Let us beg, and coax, and fret."

The tree heard their whisperings.

He smiled at what he heard.

The next day he called,
“Come, children, all to bed!”
“Oh, let us stay,” said the little leaves.
But the tree shook his head.
Down, down, went all the little leaves.
Down fluttered little yellow.
Down fluttered little brown.
Down fluttered little red, too.
There was no time to beg and coax.
They all lay on the ground.
Soon some one came from far away.
He brought a white blanket.
He spread it over the little leaves.
The great tree looked down.
The tree smiled at his sleepy children.
“Good night, dear little leaves,”
 he said.
The little leaves looked up.
They were such sleepy little leaves.
They said, “Good night, dear tree.
It is so nice to go to bed.”

THE SNOW BLANKET.

The seed babies had gone to sleep.
"They will be cold," said the earth.
"Winter is coming. They must have
a warm blanket."

The earth called to the north wind.
"O north wind, bring a blanket
to cover my seed babies.
I want a soft, white blanket."
So the north wind went to get the blanket.
He called to Jack Frost.

"O Jack Frost, bring me a soft,
white blanket to cover the earth."

Jack Frost said,
"I must go to the clouds.
I must have water-drops to make
the blanket."

Jack Frost went to the clouds.
He said, "O clouds, give me
your water-drops.
The north wind wants a white blanket
to cover the earth."

So the clouds called to the sun.

“O sun, send your beams to the ocean.

We want more water-drops.”

So the sun sent his beams to the ocean.

The sunbeams took more water-drops
to the clouds.

The clouds took them to Jack Frost.

Jack Frost breathed upon
each water-drop.

Each water-drop became a beautiful star.

Each little star had six points.

Each little star was very beautiful.

Then Jack Frost gave the snow stars
to the north wind.

The north wind blew them to the earth.

“Here earth,” he said, “is your blanket.”

He spread it out over the earth.

It was a beautiful, white blanket
made of little stars.

“Thank you, north wind,” said the earth.

“Now my seed babies will not be cold.

They are snug under the white blanket.”



Sara wanted a johnnycake.
Grandma said she would make one.
She told Sara to bring some meal.
Sara went to the pantry.
There was no meal in the pantry.
“Where shall I get the meal?” asked Sara.
“Run to the store,” said grandma.
Sara ran to the store.
She asked the storekeeper for some meal.
The storekeeper said, “I have no meal
to-day, little girl.
Run to the mill. The miller will
give you some meal.”

Sara ran to the mill.

"O miller," she said, "I want some meal."

The miller said, "I have no meal.

Get me some corn and I will grind it
for you.

Then I can give you some meal."

"Where shall I get the corn?" asked Sara.

"Go to the cornfield. You will find
the corn there."

Sara ran to the cornfield.

There was no corn growing.

"Oh, what shall I do!" cried Sara.

"I will run to the farmer.

O farmer!" she said, "please plant the corn."

But the farmer said, "The earth
is not plowed.

You must bring the plowman
with his horses and plow.

He will plow the earth and make it soft.

Then I can plant the corn."

Sara ran to the plowman.

The plowman came with his horses and plow.

He plowed the earth and made it soft.

The farmer planted the seed.

"When may I have the corn?" asked Sara.

"It is spring now," said the farmer.

"When it is autumn you may have the corn."

So Sara ran to her grandma.

"I must wait for my johnny cake.

I must wait for the corn to grow."

Sara waited all summer.

When autumn came she went to the
farmer again.

The farmer gave her the golden corn.

She took the corn to the miller.

The miller put it into the mill.

The big stones ground the corn.

They ground it into golden meal.

The miller gave the meal to Sara.

She took the meal to grandma.

Grandma made a big, golden johnny cake
for Sara.



Here is a story, children.
Do you like stories?
You may read this one.
It is about Santa Claus.
What do you do on Christmas eve?
That is the night before Christmas.
Do you hang up your stockings?
I think all boys and girls do.
It was the night before Christmas.
All the children were asleep.
Their stockings hung by the chimney.
They were hanging in a nice row.
Little stockings and big stockings.

All was quiet in the house.
Even the little mice were quiet.
Mamma and I had gone to sleep.
Something wakened me.
I heard little bells ringing.
The sound came nearer and nearer.
I jumped out of my bed.
I went to the window and looked out.
The big, round moon was shining.
All was as bright as day.
What do you think I saw?
I saw Santa Claus himself.
There he was with his sleigh and reindeer.
They were coming as fast as the wind.
He was calling to his reindeer.
He had names for them all.
He called them by name.
Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and Vixen,
Comet, Cupid, Dunder and Blitzen.
They came to the top of the porch.
They went to the top of the house.
I could hear the reindeer on the roof.

I could hear them pawing and prancing.
I drew in my head and turned around.
Just then Santa Claus
 came down the chimney.
Do you want to know how he was dressed?
He was dressed in scarlet and fur.
His eyes twinkled like stars.
His cheeks were red like roses.
His beard was white like the snow.
He looked at the stockings by the chimney.
He wanted to be sure that all were there.
Then he opened his big bag.
It was full to the top.
There were dolls and drums.
There were bats and balls.
There were sleds and books.
Soon all the stockings were filled.
Then up the chimney went Santa Claus.
I heard him whistle to his reindeer.
Away they all went.
I heard him call: "Merry Christmas
 to all, and to all a good night."

ALICE, EDITH, AND ALLEGRA.

Mr. Longfellow was a poet.

A poet writes verses.

The verses are called poems.

Mr. Longfellow had three little girls.

Their names were Alice, Edith,
and Allegra.

He wrote a poem about them.

The name of the poem is

“The Children’s Hour.”

That was the hour he gave to the children.

Edith had golden hair.

Allegra was always laughing.

Alice was a quiet little girl.

They played in a room up stairs.

Their father could hear the patter of
their little feet.

Between the dark and the daylight
they might come to see him.

He could hear their voices as they came.

Their voices were soft and sweet.

They would plan to surprise him.
He could hear them whisper.
He could see them on the stairs.
He could see their merry eyes.
His study had three doors.
Alice would run in one door.
Edith would run in another door,
 and Allegra in another.
They would jump up into his chair.
They would climb into his lap.
They would put their arms around him.
They would almost eat him up
 with kisses.
He would say, "Do you think I am not
 a match for you all?"
Now see if you can get away."
Then he would put his arms around them.
He would hold them fast.
He said he would put them in a dungeon.
The dungeon was in his heart.
There he would keep them forever.
That meant he would love them forever.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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